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A
PLAIN AND FRIENDLY
ADDRESS
TO THE
UNDER-GRADUATES
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE,
PARTICULARLY TO THOSE
OF
TRINITY-COLLEGE,



On the following important Topics:

ASSOCIATES,
DRESS,
DEBTS,
TIME,

EARLY ATTACHMENTS,
LECTURES,
MATHEMATICS,
GAMING.

(The Latter in a separate and fuller Manner.)

Offered with all Deference, good Intention, and Regard,

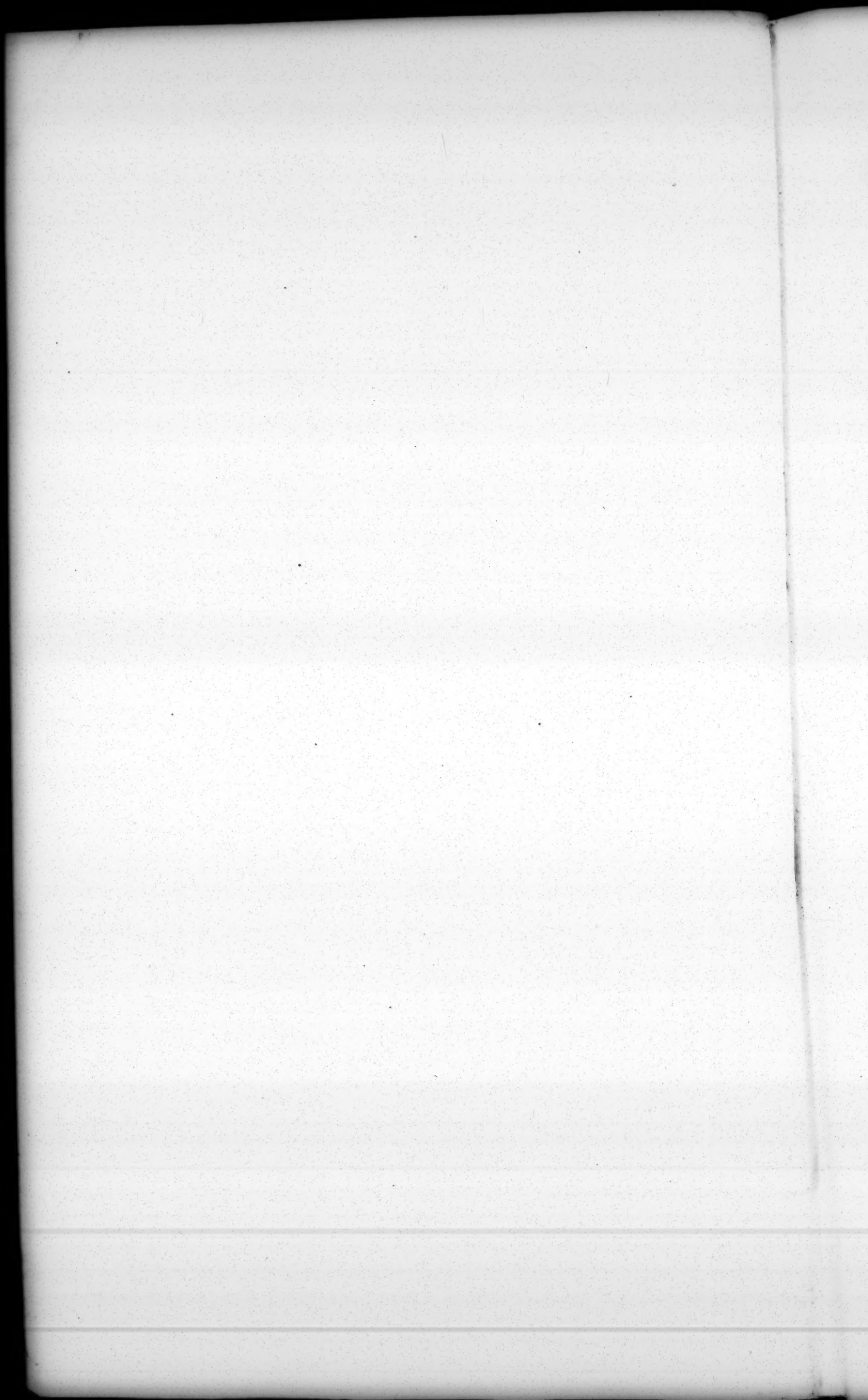
BY A LATE UNDER-GRADUATE.

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P R E F A C E.

GENTLEMEN,

THE ensuing pages, I confess, have little to recommend them except their good intention; unless, indeed, it may conciliate your notice to learn, that the author of them stood, as it were but yesterday, in the same situation with yourselves; and is consequently writing under the strongest impulse of affectionate feeling towards you, from a recent and personal experience of so trying a crisis in the career of life.

Anonymous as I am at present, I am still willing to believe that you may give me credit for this hint of my character and description, rather than defeat my well-meant endeavours and intentional good offices, by hastily ascribing this Address to the apathy of morose old age, the strictness of parental discipline, or the pedantry of collegial habits. I am still (you may assure yourselves) young, susceptible, and (I trust) ingenuous as you are; retain-

ing, as I hope, that openness of manners and liberality of sentiment, peculiarly observable in the present period of our lives, before the cold hand of elder prudence may have chilled us into cautious reserve, or the rough treatment of a selfish world compelled us to become suspicious.

It is humorously observed by the Spectator, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure until he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a batchelor, with other particulars of the like nature, which conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. Now, in order to include every possible chance of being noticed by those to whom I wish most earnestly to make myself acceptable, my readers (if any) shall receive this information as far as it can reasonably concern them : nor is it so impertinent as it is natural to suppose, that a publication of this peculiar tendency, may awaken some little curiosity respecting the identity of its author. It is a case too, in which, perhaps, I am but too likely to *betray myself*, as the chief part of my design is, to offer you some occasional inferences and experimental

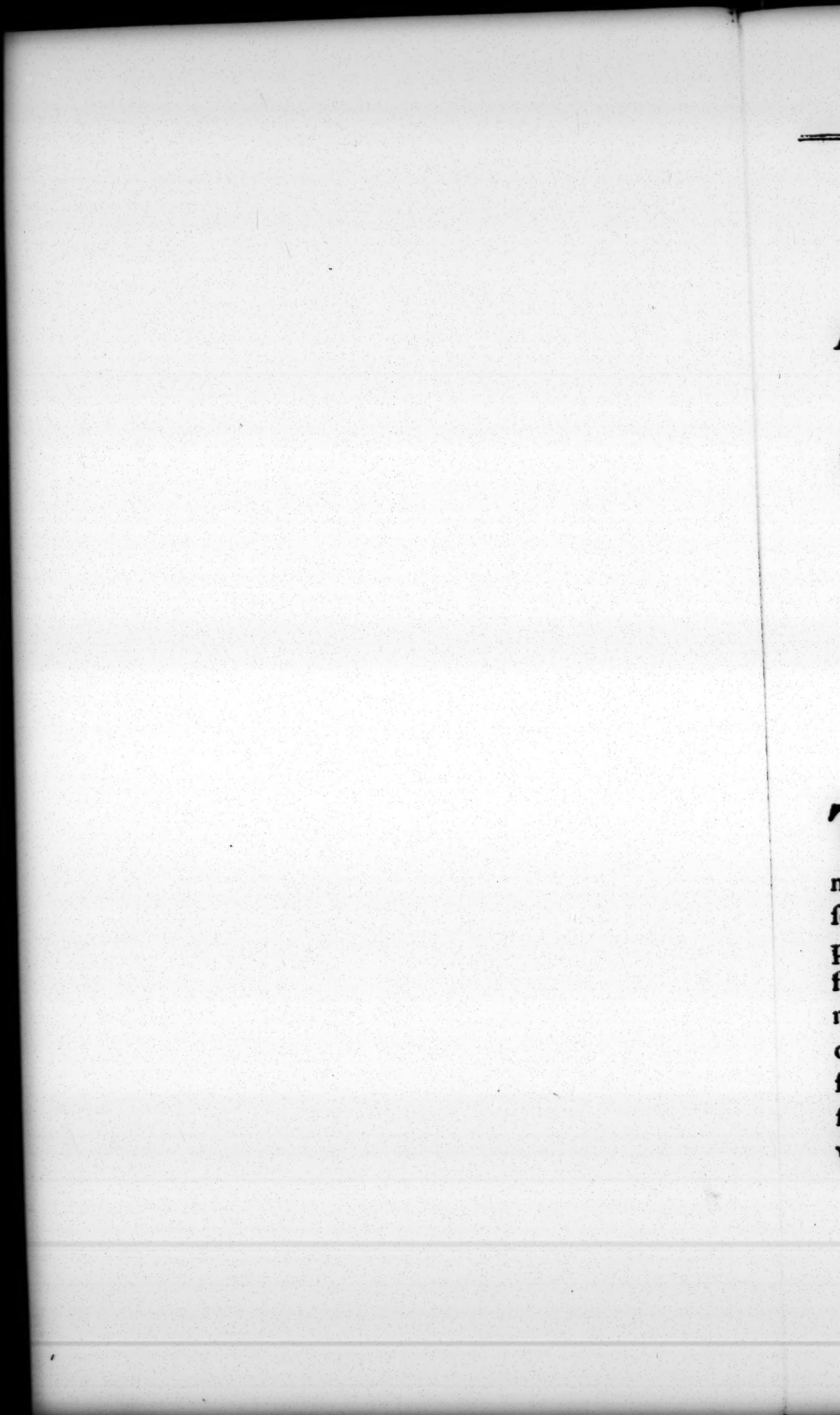
perimental deductions from my own errors and absurdities, in the anxious hope, that my example may be usefully applied by you, not for your imitation so often as for your avoidance; and my hope to this effect is, for the most part, founded (as I have said) on the close and striking application which the case will generally bear, in consequence of my late actual and personal experience of your present important situation.—But I will not detain you with more prefatory matter.—Allow me only, I intreat you, my good friends, one candid hearing, one patient perusal: the experiment will cost you a few minutes at the utmost, and if you once find me affecting the dictatorial language of a master, instead of the familiar counsel and confidential intercourse of a *companion*, I beg leave previously to stipulate my own punishment (the worst that can befall me), that of being suspected by you in those affectionate professions of regard with which I truly subscribe myself,

Gentlemen,

Your cordial well-wisher

and faithful humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.



A
PLAIN AND FRIENDLY
ADDRESS
TO THE
Under Graduates *of the* University
of Cambridge.

*Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ alterius magnum spectare laborem.
Non quia vexari quenquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est.*

LUCRETIVS.

THE above sentiment from Lucretius undoubtedly is founded in truth and human nature. A consciousness of personal escape or security is a source of satisfaction neither improper or unreasonable; the rude pen of Rochefoucault has indeed carried the assertion to a much greater length, and to the positive discredit of mankind; and yet I can affirm, my friends, that I find it very difficult to annex *any* species of *pleasure* to the motives and feelings which have occasioned this Address, for a *safe*

contemplation of past errors and dangers has still been productive of sensations so very different from those of satisfaction, that I am conscious only of regret, shame, and aversion! Hence am I thus driven to exclaim aloud at the retrospect, and to wish most earnestly that similar scenes might never be presented to others from the same point of view.

But as brevity is an important object in this Address, that even the most hasty readers may be seduced by the *Spectatorial shortness of my phiz* to afford me a glance at least, if not a closer inspection, I shall therefore proceed immediately to the following short sketches of myself, either expressed or implied; and shall confidently leave it to the good sense of my readers to apply my history, *mutatis mutandis*, to their own particular instances; subjoining only, that if any individual hereafter shall condescend to avail himself of my cautions or my example, in a moment of difficulty and mental hesitation, my highest wishes will be greatly gratified; my only object will be greatly answered.

Of my birth and parentage (to pursue the idea in the Preface) little more need be said, than that I am blessed, to the present hour, with parents of the most valuable description. Sensible, affectionate, and of a descent sufficiently liberal on both sides to insure to their children
every

every possible advantage in the earliest and latest stages of instruction, they have omitted nothing, in precept or example, which the fullest duties of a parent could suggest. I trust I am not wholly unconscious of my singular happiness herein, and whilst I cannot now repress the secret satisfaction of paying them this little tribute, I am confident my latest breath will renew the offering! My father was desirous of giving me the most liberal education, that no obstacle might thwart me in the future choice and pursuit of my profession. I accordingly followed him, "though not with equal step," through one of the first schools in the kingdom, where I should be guilty of ingratitude if I did not acknowledge the merits and attention of a most excellent and respected master. I removed in due time to the university, and as our early conduct, at this period of our lives, is of unspeakable importance, let me here again intreat your patience and regards.—You are now to suppose me, then, a member of the university of Cambridge, and of that eminent society to which I have more particularly presumed to address myself. I was admitted a pensioner, and had immediately the honour of a scholarship. Excuse me for mentioning such minute particulars of so insignificant a being as myself, as I am prompted by the hope of attracting your notice the more forcibly by a possible

possible coincidence of circumstances between the reader and the writer.—At this crisis I may truly affirm, from equal experience and con-

ASSOCIATES.

viction, that the choice of Associates is of the highest importance, not only on the score of probity and private morals, but also in stamping the first public impression of your characters. By this obvious standard the older members of the college will naturally estimate your turn and disposition; and how much soever you may laugh, as I have done, at the good or ill opinion of our tutors in particular, or of the Fellows at large, their countenance and commendation is more essential to us all than we are at first aware of. Let me request you, my friends, to think seriously and candidly upon this matter, and I am confident you will soon admit the reason and propriety of what is here offered. We, in general, regard the senior part of college, either with indifference or positive disaffection: we consequently are apt to shun them in an almost childish manner, and while we form a *jolly party* in each other's rooms, we may sometimes indulge improper witticisms against them, not indeed from intention, but from mirth and inadvertency. I am, at the same time, very far from meaning to recommend an *obsequious* or *servile* attention to our seniors, or to any set of men whatever; I would only not meet them,

at

at first sight, with *prejudice*, which is too apt to be the case. There are some amongst them, almost to a certainty, whose attainments, conversation and opinions, must render their society, at times, a most desirable, a most useful, and a most flattering acquisition to us; but even *these* are neither to be *courted* or *exclusively* regarded: I had almost said it would be difficult to assign a preference between *those* of our age, who should invariably associate with their seniors and tutors, to the *avoidance* of more natural intimacies, and *those*, again, who should pointedly reverse that conduct. Either extreme must very ill become us. I would plead, as much as you can do, for the frequent society of our equals and contemporaries. The difficulty consists only in the choice of them: and here, perhaps, I may be justified if I should resume the egotist, and tell you of my own good fortune. My connexions, if not intimacies, were possibly more numerous than those generally formed by private individuals like myself; but my *good fortune* consisted in the character and qualities of those *few* men whom alone I would entitle *friends*. I had the advantage indeed of much parental caution upon this head, and, though I certainly forewent a similar advantage in many other respects, I happily retained an indelible impression in this essential article. Foolish, extravagant, and thoughtless, as I may have been

been occasionally, this sterling caution would still remain at bottom, and seize its opportunities to offer a remonstrance. In a word, it taught me, by degrees, to discriminate the characters, and to consider the *intrinsic qualities* of all my associates : to notice, even in our gayest moments, that essential distinction which is ever to be made between youthful levity and deliberate vice ; to examine in my companions, severally, that leading question and criterion, the *innate principle* of action ; to consider too, how far they might possess, in fact, a proper respect and attention to themselves ; and how far they valued and preserved a good name in the eyes of the university ; for if, at *any* age, they shew themselves totally indifferent or unambitious upon this point, they discover either a weak head, a poor spirit, or a bad heart ; and consequently they can offer me no secondary qualities of sufficient worth to atone for such primary and fundamental deficiencies. Let us boast of other friends, or none. It is mine (as I have hinted) to look back, in this respect, with pride and pleasure ; to reap that happy recompence which the due observance of parental precepts will almost infallibly secure. The friend whom I could boast of (and though I know how cautiously the sacred title should be given, I might still enumerate some few more claimants) — the friend whom I could
boast

boast of, is affectionate, sensible, ingenuous; attached equally and steadily in his gravest or his gayest hour; in the cool moment of concurrent opinions, or the temporary warmth of argumentative discussion; attached equally and steadily on the smooth current of flattering success, or the rough torrent of adverse disappointment. Nor less competent than ready to advise, he scorns to please you with a palatable counsel, when his duty teaches him a harsher language; his heart, perhaps, is *always* partial to you, his tongue *never*. His censure is stronger and bolder than his praise, but both inestimable, because both *sincere*. He is, at the same time, ever open to reproof on *his* part, and never loves you more than when you shew him his own errors. To conclude this sketch, he possesses, in a high degree, that laudable ambition which originates in *self-respect*. It now indeed displays itself in a more extensive field, and promises to carry him to a conspicuous rank in his profession; but the same fine principle would equally exert itself in earlier life, and prompted him, as in many other instances, so also in the commendable pursuit of those honorary prizes which are occasionally proposed to us by the wisdom of our college in particular, as well as by the annual donations which are open to a wider contest. Herein we should do well to imitate him—indulging
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and improving, by these lesser trials, that honest love of emulation, that generous desire to excel, without which we are likely to possess but little value, and to do ourselves but little credit, in a *future* and *still more public* competition—with the world.

But I perceive already, my good friends, that my first design would be impracticable within the narrow limits which are purposely prescribed to this Address; and if I were to write *diffusively* upon the intended topics, I should at once forfeit my excuse, and lose sight of my inducement, for coming thus before you,—the *hope* of being able to comprize in a *few pages* (and thereby tempt you to peruse) what could hardly expect your notice from so poor a pen, if offered on a larger scale. Besides, it is beyond a doubt, that the youngest of us all cannot need to be *informed* of our proper duties and best interests, so much as to be *reminded* of them. We could all enumerate, for instance, though at times we forget to do so, the qualities which are obviously requisite to constitute a *real friend*; qualities, *without which*, I may assert, that *any* sort of *intimate* can afford neither credit nor advantage.—The same may be observed in most other articles.

For the rest, then, I must even content myself with merely suggesting, as a kind of *memorandum*, the particular notice of some few
more

more topics which seem to me material to our present time of life, and yet perhaps not hitherto recommended, in this pointed and collective form, to *practice* as well as *theory*; a form, very possibly, more useful to the reader than many longer and more able treatises might prove, since we need attention much oftener than judgment, resolution much oftener than direction, to keep us in the proper path.—First then, on the head of dress:

DRESS. How much idle money do we generally squander, in our residence as Under-Graduates at college, for the sake of appearing with a buckle of the newest pattern, a coat of the most fashionable form and colour, or a waistcoat of some novel materials! How many a needless article do we take unthinkingly on trust, invited by the artful civility of the accommodating shopkeeper, and tempted by the distance of the day of payment, which we afterwards find to be very dearly paid for, as well from the exorbitant accumulation of interest, as from the previous intrusions of our importunate creditors, when we begin to know enough of them not to increase their claims! How often do we thus anticipate and sacrifice the income of many future years before we can have gained the least idea of its use or value! We are little aware of the real comforts thus forfeited in the fruitless pursuit of imaginary pleasures!

pleasures ! This, I know, has been my own case, and is, I believe, the case of thousands!—

DEBTS. The same hint and the same inference may be generally applied to our bills at the college-kitchen *, at the tavern, at the coffee-house, at the stables of the horse-dealers, and at shops of all descriptions. I wish to God I could impress you with my decided sentiments, without my experience, upon these worthless sources of uneasiness ! At this very day, though I am otherwise possessed of a very competent income, and have totally quitted the university, nor ever was notorious, I believe, for extravagances of any kind, I am hardly emerging from the inundation of those claims, as well just as unjust, which the Harpy-creditors of the university will either make or magnify : and *this* upon the account of articles which were *never* of any value, satisfaction, or advantage to me, in any possible sense of the expression ! If a Freshman could ever commence his residence with the advanced ideas with which he *takes his degree*, he would find it very easy to support the *first line* of character in *every* respect (in the opinions of all who can

* A late public regulation may perhaps have rendered this passage, in some lights, inapplicable, but I have not been willing to retrench any part of it, since I merely design this Address as an appeal to private reason and candid consideration, nor could I presume, at my time of life, to accost you on other grounds.

deserve

deserve his notice) at a rate of expences incomparably less than what is now usually incurred. And surely these advanced ideas *are* attainable by many, upon a proper warning, and subsequent consideration ! Meanwhile, we must admit this infallible truth,—that a *gentleman* and a *man of sense* can never be so properly dressed, be his age what it may, as in the old obsolete fashion—of regarding his income.

TIME. There is an article still more valuable and still more irretrievable than money, which we often sacrifice with equal indifference : the article I mean is Time ; not only the gross sum of time, but numberless minute parts of it, in every day, which might be turned to good account. We little think how much we may regret hereafter these slighted opportunities of study and information, which *never* can recur with similar advantages. To-day a trivial avocation or engagement is admitted, after which, upon examining our watches *very accurately*, we determine that it cannot be *worth while* to resume our interrupted study for the present, as we only could allow it a single hour at the utmost before we shall be called upon again, either to walk, to dress for dinner, or—to *take a dish of coffee at the Union*. To-morrow, something similar very probably occurs, and the same mode of reasoning is equally successful. Consequently, because

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our

our time is short, and therefore the more precious, we argue very logically for its total annihilation. I need not particularize any more instances of this sort, because their actual and perpetual occurrence, in numberless and nameless cases, must be obvious to all upon the slightest consideration: I only wish that I might persuade you, my friends, to remember this hint when the next occasion for it offers.

ATTACHMENTS. I cannot help adverting, in this place, to one material, however delicate, topic, in which you cannot be too much upon your guard; as a forcible and indeed a praise-worthy principle, an amiable sensibility of heart, may perhaps prove the very means most likely to create your difficulties. The early formation of attachments and matrimonial engagements is the danger I allude to. You will agree with me that the topic is delicate and difficult for the pen of a young man; of one, who is at the same time very truly conscious of the force of female excellence, and who regards an amiable woman as "*Heaven's best gift.*"—I perhaps consider the other sex in an enthusiastic point of view, if enthusiasm be possible upon such a subject! A truly virtuous and accomplished woman is, in my idea, a worthy object of our highest earthly admiration; a prize, proposed to us at a proper time of life, well qualified to heighten, or rather

rather to consolidate every other source of happiness : I regard her, in a word, as a complex of human blessings ! It is, therefore, solely with a view of insuring to us this inestimable treasure, in its true and genuine value, that I have ventured to insinuate the present caution. Believe me, the inexperienced age of sixteen, eighteen, or even twenty, cannot possibly be competent to a step of so much consequence, an act that requires so much judgment. Nevertheless, in the fond moment of ocular and mental fascination, we readily persuade ourselves that we cannot be mistaken. We would hazard—and indeed we often *do* hazard—the whole happiness of our future lives upon the propriety of a step, which, however flattering appearances may be, and however happy the result by possibility may prove, must still have been a step, at the moment of its taking place, not only foreign to the operation of our reason, but positively superior to the powers of our judgment. It is done ; and we must abide the issue : but such are the insensible changes of our ideas and opinions, at that unsettled age, that we literally *cannot* answer for the consequence ; and perhaps I might affirm with safety, that by much the greater number of connexions, so premature, are productive of mutual disappointment, not to say regret and unhappiness ; while even those which really prove happy,

can afford no evidence of the original judgment, but merely of the eventual good-fortune of the parties. It is, further, no trivial argument against the indulgence of very early attachments, that it probably induces an inattention to our studies: it interrupts, I am persuaded, much oftener than it stimulates, our requisite pursuits and rational improvements; engrossing with a fatal, however sweet, infatuation, that inestimable period, the spring of our respective lives, in which the means are given us to provide a store against the winter.

I will not presume upon your patience, my good friends, with many more words:— There is however one article upon which I must offer a short comment before I take my leave of you, as I daily find reason, in my own instance, to lament an inattention to its value; and this may be properly introduced with another, more general, observation. The importance of a strict regularity in attending *any* stated or adopted course of lectures, so as to preserve the thread of it *entirely* unbroken, is literally a self-evident proposition, and yet many of us do certainly not act as if we thought so. The

ATTENDANCE
ON LECTURES.

Terms, we must allow, are never of any long duration, without very sufficient intermissions; and the course of any particular lecture may perhaps terminate still sooner. But it is enough for me

me to notice this circumstance, and to solicit your own application of the inference. What I meant, finally, to offer, was upon lectures of a partial description.

MATHEMATICS.

The study of the Mathematics is frequently, we know, an object of our early prejudice and occasional ridicule. We suffer ourselves too hastily (I had almost said absurdly) to take offence at the dryness and apparent dulness of its elementary steps. But I cannot help admitting, from a cordial conviction, that it is a study of the most manly description, and of the most pointed utility. This assertion is attended with the truest regret that I did not allow myself, when in *your* situation, to listen candidly to the merits of this question; nor should I thus argue in self-accusation, were I not impressed with a proportional anxiety, that no future Under-Graduate may slight the acquisition of those important points of real science which our academical education so abundantly might furnish (if properly regarded and improved) through the want of caution, or timely consideration, or through the influence of a prejudice neither creditable or just.—I do not say I am an unqualified advocate for the utmost lengths to which this study, in its various branches, may be carried, because in this light I humbly apprehend that more natural genius and mental

adaptation (if I may so express myself) must be requisite than what may fall to the share of one man among a thousand; but, short of this excessive pursuit of it, I repeat my hearty affirmation and conviction in its favour. It is a study most admirably calculated to strengthen and improve the powers of the mind. It induces a habit of attention and a settled mode of reasoning, productive of the happiest effects when applied to other studies. The lawyer, the statesman, the divine, will find themselves essentially indebted to it in their respective claims to public eminence. It will give force to their arguments, and soundness to their judgment. *Philosophy*, moreover, is in itself a study which leads directly to the highest source of science, or, rather, it constitutes that source. It opens to the mind of man the most exalted and sublime attainments: it inculcates with irresistible conviction the highest and most sacred truths!—As such, then, howsoever discouraging the mere *rudiments* and *grammar* of the study may appear to us, before we can perceive the application of its rules, as we find them afterwards illustrated through all the beauties and wonders of philosophy, they are still surely worth a trial from every one who would deserve the appellation of a man of sense or letters, though they are so often rejected without the slightest experiment. It is this unjustifiable

unjustifiable pre-judging of the cause which I earnestly could wish in future to prevent. Only have patience till the study can in some sort unfold itself: exert some little resolution in the outset. Persuade yourselves awhile to submit your own opinions to the guidance and examples of those who are best qualified to ascertain the truth of what I offer; and if, upon a fair and reasonable trial, upon a very small degree of *real insight* into the matter, you should still retain your objections and aversion, I would readily pronounce you justified in dropping the pursuit. All that I would gain of you is briefly this; Do not deny yourselves the palace of a Newton (a fight of it at least) because a rugged step or two may be found at the entrance.

ON GAMING.

Nulli fas casto sceleratum infistere limen.

VIRG.

PERHAPS in the black catalogue of our national offences, considered in respect to their extensive mischief, the subject of the present observations may challenge a disgraceful pre-eminence. Would to God it might be possible to render this assertion doubtful, by placing the absurd, the ruinous, as well as guilty, tendency of gaming in so just a point of view, as to render its influence less prevalent, less notorious! To this end, I am tempted to relate the following imperfect particulars of authentic, although private, history. The generality of readers, I conceive, are likely to derive more benefit from narratives of this description than from regular treatises, or formal and fictitious essays. The intended application insensibly comes home to each of them; and strikes most forcibly where it is most necessary. The use of them, moreover, may be rendered *universal*: the appeal is directed to the *heart* rather than the *head*; the natural rather than the improved faculties of the human understanding.

At

At a public school of the highest character and consequence in the kingdom, Lorenzo, Lycus, and Amintor, first laid the foundation of their future intimacy. Their ages and attainments were nearly equal, and as the same pursuits would naturally unite them in the school, a similarity of dispositions continued and increased that union in their hours of relaxation. Their prospects in the world, indeed, were by no means similar, but their friendship commenced at that happy period, when Lorenzo's future title and hereditary wealth were matters of the same indifference to himself and his companions: their lustre never dazzled him with a fancied superiority above the competent expectations of Lycus, or the still more humble prospects of Amintor. Lycus, on the other hand, could discern no difference between Lorenzo and Amintor; and when the latter gave his schoolfellows a preference to himself, it was not that he thought them richer, but that he loved them better, than himself; it was not a servile adulation of their higher birth, but an amiable species of self-gratification; it was not the tribute of an inferior, but the gift of an equal. Thus promising, thus happy was the morning of their lives! But I must not dwell, as I could wish to do, on the prospect now before us; suffice it to observe in general, that nature had endowed them, respectively,

with

with very ample qualifications to justify the fond indulgence of parental hope ; and surely if the generous, however thoughtless, school-boy could once be made sensible of the honest exultation, the tender transport of a parent's heart, on seeing him advancing duly in the path of knowledge, of honour, and integrity, no evil inclinations, no power of persuasion, no force of ill example, could incite him to the barbarous and complicated sacrifice of filial duty and parental happiness ! In the present instances, however, reflections of this nature had no influence, and probably no existence, when the poison which imbibed all their future lives was fatally imbibed. Lorenzo and Amintor had unhappily discovered and encouraged in each other a similar propensity of the most alarming nature : it insensibly betrayed itself, at first, in trivial and unguarded instances : the usual diversions of their school-fellows no longer had a charm for them ; and were either disregarded entirely, or pursued for other purposes than that of healthy recreation : some stake must be proposed, some wager must depend upon their issue, to render them worth notice. The amusements, which they once were fond of, now ceased to be amusements, unless they were converted into some species of gaming. The hours which had hitherto been passed in innocent and wholesome exer-

cise, or usefully employed in the private advancement of their studies, were now secretly devoted to the pernicious purposes of cards and dice. Lycus, amongst others, had been easily persuaded to follow the example of his giddy friends, and what he had at first engaged in, from a social principle alone, was afterwards continued from a less commendable motive; till at length the failing of misplaced goodness was grown into a habit of deliberate vice. Thus dangerous, and insensibly destructive, are the first, the slightest deviations from the line of innocence and moral duty! And however fondly we may hope, in youth, to palliate an improper step, by pleading the importunate sollicitation of friends, or the powerful influence of example, we always should be sure to manifest more *real* friendship to ourselves and others, by steadfastly withstanding those importunities, and daring to be virtuous in spite of those examples. The limited resources of Amintor's pocket were presently exhausted. His father was a tradesman, whose fortunes were but little able to support even the common expences of a public education; but his affection for an only son prevailed over all other considerations, and he cheerfully submitted to a temporary retrenchment in his own instance, from a generous anxiety to forward, to the utmost, the welfare of his darling child.

child. Little did he think, poor man ! how cruelly this much-loved object would soon requite his tenderness, and terminate his fondest hopes in sorrow and disgrace ! It was easy to foresee, indeed, the inevitable consequence of Amintor's imprudence : distress, rapidly advancing, besieged, assaulted, overthrew his principles ; undermined, insensibly, his early virtues ; and drove him to those dreadful methods of supplying his extravagance, which point with equal certainty to guilt and ruin. He was soon detected in an act of dishonesty, and publicly expelled the school. His afflicted father, after some few struggles, fell a victim to the blow ; and sunk beneath a load of misery too great for him to bear ! It is painful to be more particular on such a subject ; nor am I willing to relate minutely the melancholy sequel of Amintor's story, or follow his ill-fated companions through the complicated scenes of iniquity and wretchedness, in which, as they grew up, they gradually became involved. The regular increase of all vitious inclinations, the rapid growth of indulged passions, and the absolute dominion to which they will aspire, are subjects of our daily observation : I have chosen, therefore, to confine this narrative to the following original and authentic letters, which give us the main outline of their future lives ; and furnish, in my poor opinion, a
stronger

stronger illustration of my subject, and a juster comment on the nature and effects of gaming, than any more minute detail which I might otherwise have given. They were written (as will be seen) by their respective authors, at a time when they had dearly purchased the knowledge and conviction of this certain truth ; “ That a gamester, both in life and death, is of all men the most truly miserable.”

Without further preface I subjoin a letter from Amintor : the date of it sufficiently prepares us for the state to which he was reduced.

AMINTOR to LORENZO.

Newgate, August 25th, 1758.

LORENZO! the portion of Amintor is for ever fixed ! Infamy and death have seized me, as it were, already ; and punishments, eternal punishments, await me at the grave ! The united horrors of the past, the present, and the future, are more than I can bear. They have roused me, Lorenzo, from my guilty slumbers, and banished a delusive dream ! For myself, I fear, the discovery is made too late—Not so, I trust, for my surviving friends. Allow me not to die in vain ! May Lycus and yourself (or rather may the world in general) take warning
by

by my fate! The language of a dying man, however simple and inelegant, however wild and inconsistent, may merit some attention. In this hope, distracted as I am, I have resolved to write to you: I have resolved to censure, to admonish, to condemn you. It is the only shadow of atonement, the only token of repentance now left within my power; the only act of friendship I can henceforth shew to you, and perhaps it is the truest I have ever shewn. I must, I will attempt it, though my senses well nigh fail me. Pardon me, Lorenzo, if I speak unwelcome truths: the privilege of anxious friendship will justify my freedom. Allow me, then, at once to own to you how deeply I am now impressed with a sense of our past conduct. Allow me, further, to excite in you a like abhorrence of it.—Lonely, comfortless, guilty, and condemned, bereft of every former subterfuge of company and wine and laughter, I have found myself at length compelled to listen to those cries of conscience, which we have so often (but so painfully) suppressed together. Believe me, Lorenzo, in spite of every effort, they *will* finally be heard. The gloomy terrors of approaching death will force us to regard them. They have driven me at length, reluctant as I was, to look into myself; and I shudder at my own deformities. I linger through this tedious night, (for though
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it be the latest of my life, my sufferings must make it tedious); nor can I bear it to continue, nor dare I wish it to conclude. The guilty tenor of our ill-spent lives, the criminal transactions in which we have consented, are crowding, all at once, on my distracted memory: they are passing, at this moment, in terrible review before me, and bring with them a full conviction of the *first*, the *real* cause of them. I see it, Lorenzo, in my early childhood—the afflicted spirit of an injured father upbraids me, as it were, with parricide; and loads the very infancy of gaming with the deepest curses of a parent. Happy had it been for you, Lorenzo, had our intimacy ceased at the time of my expulsion. It received, indeed, a temporary interruption by your longer continuance at school, as well as by the subsequent removal of yourself and Lycus to the university of C! Still, I fear, during both those periods, the same infatuated spirit kept pace with your advancing years, in ample proportion to your power of indulging it. For my own part, I advanced more rapidly in the same destructive course. Deprived of that first happiness, the salutary guidance of a father's counsel, the kind restrictions of his just authority, the benefit of his experience, and the blessing of his friendship (deprived of it, moreover, through a flagrant instance of my own unworthiness) I yielded to
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the sullen dictates of despair and shame ; and madly flew for refuge to that very vice, which already had betrayed me in the mask of pleasure. When you left the university, Lorenzo, you found me (as you well remember) in the Capital ; you found me at that time, unhappily for you, initiated, engaged, nay hardened in a regular and desperate indulgence of my former passion ; it had gained the most absolute ascendancy over me, and was become, in a word, my profession. I was able, for the most part, to procure a competent but wretched subsistence, by superior skill, or rather knavery, in the practice of it ; though, doubtless, I have felt most bitterly the complicated horrors of distress, hunger, and despair. I experienced, no doubt, repeatedly, the opposite extremes of merited poverty and unmerited affluence ; nor is the latter, I can truly say, productive of more real comfort than the former ;—perhaps it is still less conducive to our promised happiness. Tormented with the fear of losing my ill-gotten gains, distracted at the real loss of them, solicitous to retrieve the past, or ambitious to increase the present, I *never* had an easy moment. It was thus, Lorenzo, that you found me at the period above mentioned : at the same period how different a prospect lay open to your view ! You were then advancing into serious life, entitled to its highest honours, and fitted for its first enjoyments : for although you had, indeed, already

entered on the same criminal and dangerous career, your embarrassments, as yet, were easily removable by the ample fortune which you one day would inherit; and all the imprudences, and even vices, which you hitherto had been guilty of, might still have been converted to your ultimate advantage, by a timely sense of their destructive tendency. The crisis of your fate was still to be decided: nor can I but reflect with the most painful anxiety, how many thousands of our sex may be wavering at this very moment in a somewhat similar situation with yourself; still struggling, it is probable, between reason and passion, between duty and inclination, between real happiness and false pleasures, between a virtuous and vicious conduct; when if they were apprized, like me, of the infinite importance of the choice before them, they would tremble at the dread alternative—an alternative no longer; nor hesitate another instant to be virtuous and be happy. For us, Lorenzo, the choice and the result of it were of a far different description! In my own miserable state of life, I had long grown callous to all stings of conscience, and dead to every sense of honour. Abandoned, profligate, unprincipled as I was, no wonder that I artfully improved our intimacy to the utmost of my power; assiduous, as occasion offered, to flatter, to encourage, to betray: attentive equally to

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drain your pocket, and infect your principles ; to render you, in short, as desperate and as worthless as myself. You see, Lorenzo, to what unlimited iniquities the progress of this fatal passion will gradually reconcile its votaries ! My purpose once effected (and but little artifice was requisite to practise with compleat success upon your easy confidence) what crime was not familiar to us ! what vice was not habitual ! Alas, Lorenzo ! it is irksome, and it must be needless, to remind you of them in detail—The *worst*, if worse be possible, is still behind—I am utterly unable to repeat it. I refer you rather to that inward monitor, who registers our secret actions, and will finally report them : O my fellow-criminal, could you see me, could you read me, at this awful hour, the present whisper of your conscience might possibly preserve you from its future thunder ! Hear me, I intreat you with my dying breath, and trust me I am *now* sincere ! Repent, repent, Lorenzo, as long as you have any being ! Believe me, the aggregate of all iniquity is not a juster definition of ingratitude, than it is—of gaming.

Farewell, much injured, much deluded friend ! And if you have a moment unemployed in begging mercy for your own offences, forgive, compassionate, and pray for,

The impious, the lost,

AMINTOR !

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Lorenzo, when this letter reached him, was rising from the gaming-table, distracted at some recent losses to a very large amount. It struck him to the soul—At every line, at every word of it, he experienced inexpressible emotions—The mysterious and abrupt conclusion, in particular, repeated and united every former shock. Conscience took advantage of the moment to urge him to reflexion. In agonies, too great to be described, he hurried to his chamber : the melancholy sequel may be best collected from a letter which he wrote to Lycus, the surviving partner of his vices and his guilt.

LORENZO to LYCUS.

O Lycus, it is all too true—It is all too dreadful—It is—insupportable!—Wretch that I am to be still conscious of existence! The fate of our unhappy friend, the melancholy picture of his inward agonies, and the solemn exhortation of his dying moments, impress me with unspeakable alarm. Like him, I am at length awakened from a guilty dream. Like him too I awake to horrors inconceivable! They compel me, Lycus, to look back upon myself; to think upon my own past life: they rouse me, in despite of all my efforts, to a fearful sense of my condition.—Yes, Lycus, it is all too true! Amintor has done well to censure, to admo-

nish, to condemn me. Yet why should he admonish me of deeds that are irreparable ! Why labour to convince me of the *cause* of all our sorrows ; the *source* of all our guilt ! Why tell me of the precipice down which we fell ! Can I be unconscious of the vice that ruined us ; or hesitate to own the poison that we rashly swallowed ?—No—rather let me second his reproof ; and forward his advice to others whom it still may save. I heartily confirm his sentence ! The gamester, or, in other words, the villain that I now am, may be easily traced backward to the gambling school-boy. You remember, Lycus, the first efforts of our passion, indulged, encouraged as it was continually by Amintor and myself ; while *you* furnished, in your own instance, one melancholy proof of the rapid contagion of a *bad example* ! From that ill-fated period, we cannot but be conscious of the altered state of all our thoughts, pursuits and actions : our minds, you must remember, became gradually divested of those glad sensations, that amiable levity and chearful freedom, peculiar to the innocence of early life. Uneasy passions, anxious apprehensions, ungenerous sentiments, mutual distrust, and continual animosities, succeeded to that joyous unsuspecting confidence, the produce of our infant friendship ; and blasted, in the very bud, those liberal affections and finer feelings of the soul,
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which constitute at once the honour of human nature, and the bliss of human life. But these were immaterial insufficient sacrifices, unworthy the superiour incense, the more ample offerings of maturer guilt. O Lycus, is it not astonishing, that we could ever render our reluctant souls so meanly obedient to each new suggestion, so utterly subservient to each fresh demand, of this insatiate passion? That we ever should attach ourselves to a tyrant so iniquitous; and blindly devote ourselves to a mistress so deformed? Is it not astonishing, I say, that we ever should be reconciled to a vice so unsatisfactory; a state of villany so painful? And yet—to what an *unknown* length have I pursued this phantom! Yes, Lycus, I have crimes within me, suggested by this worst of vices, which even to your kindred bosom I never have yet dared to mention. Imagine to yourself a wretch, who rather than resist the impulse of a passion which had ruined him as well in health as fortune, could meditate the secret destruction of a tender, an indulgent—parent. Imagine—and behold that wretch. What monster but Lorenzo, what monster but a gamester, could inhumanly have administered the slow, but certain, poison, which brought him prematurely to the grave! And when I had consumed, in the same ruinous pursuits, the ample patrimony which his unsuspecting tenderness had left me, how basely was I tempted to supply the loss of
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it by a deed of almost equal infamy! The measure of my secret marriage with the rich and amiable heiress of the house of G—— was attended with circumstances of the most refined iniquity. Every tie of gratitude, every law of hospitality, every principle of honour was abused and broken; every artifice of deep dissimulation and deliberate perjury was practised without scruple to conciliate her young affections to a traitor, who to save himself a short time longer from sinking in the vortex of a gaming-house, could unfeelingly involve her innocence in the punishment of his enormities; and no sooner had secured her fortune, than he cast it, with her happiness, to the hazard of a die! Much-injured Laura! what a bitter requital of your goodness and affection! what a cruel recompence have you constantly received for that inestimable treasure, the possession of your hand and heart! what a life of misery were you destined to experience, from the moment of your first attachment to such a monster as a gamester! And you, ye helpless innocents, the unconscious victims of a father's vices, to what wretchedness are you devoted, to what miseries are you exposed, by that unfeeling hand, which nature had appointed to protect and to befriend you!—But I dare not follow these distracting thoughts. Whatever period I refer to, I am startled and confounded with increasing crimes.—Mischiefs more extensive in effect,

effect, though they cannot be more heinous in degree; unnumbered aggravations of my guilty passion (considered as the surest incitement to every other outrage on the lives, the characters, the fortunes, and the happiness of my fellow-creatures in general) are rising all around me in terrible array; and doom me, unpitied, unlamented, unforgiven, to the vengeance of offended Heaven, as the pest of society, and the disgrace of human nature——

Lorenzo could proceed no further—His pen insensibly gave place to a more fatal weapon—In a few short moments, his sufferings, his *earthly* sufferings, were no more!—Ah, whither was he gone?—Desperate Lorenzo! to plunge into eternity by a deed which doubled every crime that rendered him unfit to go there!—

See, Reader, the main outlines of a gamester's history! and though they may not all be driven to realize exactly this picture of iniquity, very few in fact, I will be bold to say, experience a life more happy, or a death less miserable.

Perhaps it is now time to draw aside the mask still further.—Know then—it is Lycus—the unhappy, surviving Lycus, who has hitherto addressed you! and though he has indeed requested me to spare him the disgrace of publishing his real name, he has suffered me to add the following short extract from a letter which he lately wrote me.

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“ The wretched remainder of my life,” says he (in speaking of his former conduct) “ I shall dedicate incessantly to penitence and prayer ; while the only additional consolation I can ever look for, must equally arise from my hopes and my endeavours to administer a timely warning to the world at large, by pointing out the rock on which I have myself been stranded. And blessed be the Father of mercies, for thus, even thus, allowing me, as it were, to reverse my hour-glass once more (not indeed for the prolongation of my own life, but possibly for that of others) before the lingering remnants become finally exhausted !”

THE foregoing anecdotes of real life can need no comment. In every situation, we perceive, the effects of gaming are *the same*. The advantages of birth and fortune, education and abilities, only multiply the means of our destruction, and enhance the measure of our guilt : for although the fate of an Amintor may seem more disgraceful in the eyes of men, a Lorenzo will assuredly have *less* (if possible) to plead, in the awful presence of his Maker !

F I N I S.

